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Criss, Mildred

American Dramatists Series

WIND FLOWER

BY

MILDRED CRISS McGUCKIN

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WIND FLOWER

A FANTASY

PERSONS

ANEMONE, *a wind-flower.*

PETER.

THE SILVER WITCH, *of Moonlight.*

NURSE HANNAH

LITTLE TIM

LITTLE ANEMONE

from Toyland.

NORMAND, *a stranger.*

FIRE DANCERS.

MOONRAYS.

DANCERS OF DAWN.

Scene

A garden surrounded with box hedges and flowering hawthorne, at the back of the garden there is a break in the hedge which gives a glimpse of sand dunes and the sea. Pale roses climb either side of the opening; flowering shrubs and dwarf pines, silver-tipped in the moonlight, cluster around a small fountain which splashes lazily in the light breeze. A low stone bench stands to one side of a curving sand path leading through the gate way in the hedge, and through the trees, the waving shadows trace their lace-work.

Time

During the Harvest Moon.

The curtain rises while Anemone *is sleeping in the moonlight; the light wind stirs the chiffon of her dress; she awakes.*

WIND FLOWER

ANEMONE

The moon is burning now the white light of her soul,
And all the little stars have closed their eyes in reverence;
It is the privilege alone of greater stars to see
The sacred love-light on the altar of the moon.
(*Rises and looks up into the sky; the moonlight falls across her face in waving, shadow light.*)
I stand alone and dream of all that might be mine
And yet is held from me; I would that Life would draw the veil
Of its experience, and let me, knowing, see the light;
I would that someone touch my lips and bid me sing,
For in my heart is only questioning.
(PETER, *playing his violin, wanders slowly out from the shadows.*)

PETER

Oh! Love,
In loneliness I've come across the night to lay my life
Down at your feet. I am your slave, and touch the dust beneath your feet
In reverence. (*She turns slowly away.*) Oh! do not turn from me;
I come not asking you to give, but that my love
Might touch your life and make it e'en more precious unto you!
I do not ask even the pressure of your finger tips
But just the right to hope!

ANEMONE

How can I give to you
The right to hope? It is your right. Hope is a spark,
The vital spark of life, that bids each man arise above
The clay that binds his feet. But love is spirit-born. As yet
I know it not.

PETER

Then I am worthless to your scheme
Of life—a thing apart from all you hold most dear?

ANEMONE

No, Peter, for I hold you in my heart with tenderness,
But you're too much my friend, my love must be unknown to me,
Someone from far off lands that I may dream about,
Someone who masters every whim within my mind,
Drawing my will to his, his touch must be a seal to scar
Me with its strange insignia. No, Peter, you are dear
To me as friend, but you can never be my love.

PETER

Anemone, great love holds all of friendship, and
Deep friendship is, indeed, a part of love. Love longs to give
Itself in sacrifice, and knows no pleasure for itself
Alone. Sensation plays a part in love, 'tis true,
But if love runneth deep, sensation is forgot
Within a host of deeper thoughts.—I'll go now, dearest love,
Go, praying that you find the height of love. All fire-dreams, dear,

Are vain desire that leaves the heart lost in the dust
Of arid disillusion. Oh! Anemone,
Passion is not loves all.

(ANEMONE *has turned from him, and* PETER *taking his violin, moves away softly and singing as he goes.*)

(*Song.*)

The love I hold for you
Is like the mountain dew;
The love a mother feels
Across my senses steals,
And when I see your eyes
I long for sacrifice
Anemone!—Anemone!

I hold you in my heart
As fragile, quite apart
From life's intense desire,
And your deep eyes inspire
My loves deepest controle—
And service of my soul—
Anemone!—Anemone!

(*Exit* PETER; *his voice dies away in the distance and* ANEMONE, *left alone, cries out in the stillness*—)

ANEMONE

This love Peter has offered me
Seems pale and colorless beside the love that I
have dreamed,
Like sunlight days compared with those of fog.
His love
Seems like a love grown old, and holds a thread
of pain—
A note of sacrifice. There is no rapture in his
youth,
Nor is there laughter such as filled even my
childhood days—
(*Dreamingly.*)
Our childhood days— What land can hold more
precious joy
Than candy-colored land of toys and make-
believe?
Perhaps in childhood lies the better part of life—
perhaps
'Tis only at the first white dawning we may know
the heights
Of happiness!
(*Soft strains of a waltz drift from behind the trees, and down, o'er a brilliant path of the mist-white moon, dance six little Moonrays who are leading the* SILVER WITCH. *Until the entrance of the* SILVER WITCH *of the*

Moonlight, the moon has not been shining directly on the scene, but has fallen in shadow tracery through the trees. The moon-rays, having ushered in their SILVER WITCH, *disappear, dancing off into the shadows, leaving her face to face with* ANEMONE *in the direct path of the moon.*)

THE SILVER WITCH

Come from the shadows of thy sighs
Sweet little Wind-Flower of the Wood; come close to me
And put thy faith in dreams. Dream out thy life's desire and all
Thy dreams will live in very form, and color, speech, and touch
For thee; they shall come true and show thee what thy heart's
Desire would bring into thy life. Dream now and see
Thy life as it would be if all thy dreams came true. Tell me
Thy dreams and they will live!

ANEMONE

Who are you, then, so white and fair
With power to bring my dreams to me?

THE SILVER WITCH

Anemone,
Your soul is unawakened and your dreams are soft,
Like breaths of summer wind that stir a rose, a leaf, a fern,
And listless, blow across the meadow grasses to the wood.
But still a child, thy heart is reaching out for life;
Tell me thy questionings and in thy dreams come true,
Thou shalt see truth indeed.

ANEMONE

The present holds no charm for me
The future is so shrouded that I hesitate to build
My dreams within the far-away. My heart is sad,
And I am sorry that I've lived beyond my days
Of Childhood love— (*Reflectively.*) So will my dreams, then, be of long ago,
For in that land of make-believe I think love, at its best,
Lived in the iridescent castles of the clouds,
Back in that shadow Fairyland of innocence.
I'll dream and seek my love. Turn back my life, then, Silver Witch,
My love has lived for me within the past.

THE SILVER WITCH

Dream then,
And be a child within the garden of the long,
Long, afternoons and find thy bare-foot love and see
If it is he. Dream now and know the truth!
(*The* SILVER WITCH *dances softly around the garden, the moonlight dies and all is darkness. The* SILVER WITCH *and* ANEMONE *disappear. Gradually the light of a summer morning filters across the garden, falling on* ANEMONE *as a little child, and* TIM, *her bare-foot sweetheart, lying on the grass at* NURSE HANNAH'S *feet, playing checkers.*)

NURSE HANNAH

(*Crooning.*)

"The old, old owl,
The young, young fowl,
And the gay young chick-a-dee,
With the gray-black crow
And the large dodo
Went out for a jubilee.

And the grizzly bear
Brought a bob-tailed hare

From some distant yum-yum tree,
And the kinkajew
From an iceland zoo
Came unto this jubilee.
Now the white-tummed toad
From his damp abode—"

LITTLE TIM

(*Interrupting the song.*)
Anemone!
(*Throws down his checkers in a rage.*)
You've cheated! I'll not play!

LITTLE ANEMONE

I haven't, Tim!
Come see!

TIM

Girls always cheat! They're awful sports! Gee Whiz! I'd hate
To be a girl! They're always tagging on to boys, and Gee!
You'd think they'd find some other thing to do!

ANEMONE

You came to me,
And asked me if I'd play with you! So there now! See!

You're mad because I beat you, so you say I cheat!

LITTLE TIM

(*Expressing his contempt with a shrug, then turning.*)
Girls always cheat!

LITTLE ANEMONE

I tell you they do nothing of the sort!
(TIM *sticks his tongue at her; she flies at him and pulls his hair;* NURSE HANNAH *separates them.*)

NURSE HANNAH

Children! Children! Why can't you play together without this?
I'll have to send Tim home!

TIM

(*With emphasis.*)
Oh, no, you won't! I'll go!

LITTLE ANEMONE

We promise to be good!

TIM

Shucks! What's the use? I'll go!
I'd rather go than stay! (*He starts to go.*)

LITTLE ANEMONE

(*Running after him.*)
Come back, Tim, Nurse will read to us.
(*She takes his hand and leads him back; they sit down quietly at* NURSE HANNAH'S *feet.*)

NURSE HANNAH

(*Opening a large book and turning over the pages slowly.*)
What shall we read? Let's see—Here is a story of a bird—

TIM

(*Grumbling an interruption.*)
Stories 'bout birds are just for girls. Find something else.

NURSE HANNAH

Well, here's the story of a crocodile who wept
Himself a pool of tears to swim in, and then couldn't swim
Because the water was too deep.

LITTLE ANEMONE

I'm afraid of crocodiles!

TIM

(*Getting up disgustedly, jams his hands into his pockets and whistles.*)

Gee! What's the use of girls? They're scare-crows ev'ry one.
I hate them all!

NURSE HANNAH

(*Soothingly.*)

Come on now, children, we will find
Something to please us all. Here is the story of a Prince
Who lived down underneath the sea within a castle built
Of sea-weed silk, and sand and, shells. (TIM *listens hesitatingly.*) Red lobsters there
Were court attendants, and a side-way-moving crab (TIM *comes closer, interested; he sits down cross-legged by* ANEMONE.)
His jester. Far away across a jeweled sand dune lived

A Princess in a crystal cave. The entrance to
the cave
Was guarded by a dragon with ten tongues of
fire,
And eyes that shot out shining knives to kill the
man
Or woman who attempted entering the cave. The
Prince
Who lived down underneath the sea, had dreamed
on star-white nights
Of the fair Princess in her crystal cave, and he
Had planned to summon all his deep blue water
up
To flood the jeweled sand-dunes stretching to the
cave, quenching
For ever more the dragon's fire then back through
wave and foam,
To lead the Princess of his heart.
(*A long whistle sounds through the trees.* TIM
jumps up excitedly and whistles in return.)

TIM

All right! I'll come! (*To* LITTLE ANEMONE,
as he runs off.)
It's Phil—We're going fishing down the Old Mill
road!

(*Exits.*)

LITTLE ANEMONE

(*Disappointed, calling after him.*)
What time 'you coming back? (*No answer.*)
Oh! Tim, won't you come back again?
(*Silence;* LITTLE ANEMONE *looks after him, waits, then turns and comes back slowly to* NURSE HANNAH*; puts her head in* NURSE HANNAH'S *lap and cries softly. The stage grows dark; the scene with* NURSE HANNAH *fades. Exeunt* LITTLE ANEMONE *and* NURSE HANNAH. *As the light grows again—the moonlight—*ANEMONE *and The* SILVER WITCH *are standing as they were before the dream.*)

ANEMONE

And was that all there was of love, back in those childhood days?
Were Tim and I just play-mates—nothing more—? (*Pensively.*) Ah! yes,
'Tis beautiful, and yet, in dreaming I have filled
My Toyland with the grown-up thoughts of love that were not there.

THE SILVER WITCH

Little Anemone, the beauty of all childhood lies

In freedom from deep love, deep thought, deep anything,
Just fairy sunshine in the dancing shadows and
The crowded hours of play. (*A pause; the* SILVER WITCH *looks long and intently into* ANEMONE'S *eyes.*)
Not knowing, thou hast pressed thy mouth
Against the crystal rim of the red cup of life—thy youth's
Completion. Thou hast missed the chalice of the love
That Life has offered you. It may not e'er come back,
But if it does, drink deep. Thy soul's completion lies therein.
The eyes of youth, Anemone, fill easily with tears;
They mean not sorrow, but romance and wondering.
Thine eyes veiled now with mist-white dreams are looking towards
The gateway of loves garden, yet thy heart is turning back
Along the sunny road where laughing children play their games,

And build their palaces of soap-boxes and chips.
Oh! look not back but at thy shadow's end.

(*In the distance the strains of* PETER'S *violin are heard he plays the same theme that he played before as he came;* ANEMONE, *interested, goes to the edge of the box-wood and listens. The theme that* PETER *plays is plaintive, full of chords, and simple.* ANEMONE *listens but turns away disappointedly.*)

ANEMONE

Oh, no,
We're too much brother sister and I know his thoughts, his words
Are like my very own and all his life is known to me.
My love must blind my eyes and lead me out beyond
The shallows of the everydays, beyond the tides
Within Life's harbor with their ebb and flow of common place
Events; I would set all my anchored boats afloat and drift
Into the unknown sea—the heights above me, and
The depths far underneath.

(*The strains of* PETER'S *violin, having grown fainter and fainter, now die away completely.*)

THE SILVER WITCH

The heights and depths
of love
Throb in the commonplace because love maketh
all things right
And infinitely beautiful. The eyes of youth look
off
Beyond the stars to find their answer, while it
waits
Within the eyes of one who passes by.

ANEMONE

Out there
Beyond the harbor's edge, upon the open sea, is
there
No noon-tide heat, no mid-night wind as yet
unknown to me?
Are there no angry storms to wake my soul that
I may know
And value peace? And is there no mirage or
mist
That, drifting through their fair illusions, I may
see
The clear, deep blue beyond?

THE SILVER WITCH

Oh, yes, out there the open
sea

Is torn by never-ending change until it sinks beneath
The far sky-line of death.

ANEMONE

Then I would know this change!
Far off along the pathway of the stars across the sea
From out strange depths that throb and pain, my love must come, and his
First words of love must sound as unfamiliar speech.
This is my dream! Is there no mystery in love?
I would give my life to understand, to brand
My thin white soul with fire!

THE SILVER WITCH

Oh yes, indeed there is such love
Within man's comprehension, but a love like this
Is but a cheapened love—just fascination's flame
That kindles torture heat within your veins and leaves you torn
And wounded, bitter and afraid; this mockery would rob
All finer understanding from your soul!

Anemone

I've dreamed
That there is love beyond my understanding, love
That could be master of my very being—all of me—
And I am not afraid to drink the bitterest of drafts
If once the wine of life moistens my untouched lips.

The Silver Witch

Oh, if youth, dreaming, could but see the aftermath
Of false desire, and eyes all lit by lightnings, but detect
The gray within the many-colored, short-lived flames of Life's
Great fire. Thus I, Witch of the mist-white silver night,
Stand pitying, watching the many hungry lives
That know not love is warmth and tenderness, and never fire
And pain—but all complete within the everydays of life—
Not hidden somewhere off in unknown lands of new
Imagination. Little lady who would know

Real love, look down within your unawakened
heart, love waits,
Growing in spite of your misunderstanding.
Look and know
This great truth before it is too late.

ANEMONE

I know not love,
And think that it is you who do not understand;
My choice is love incomprehensible that cuts my
heart
Like lightning 'cross the blackness of a storm-
clad sky. I would
Be taken madly, blindly, in its power and give
My individuality itself unto
The tide of master feeling surging out to un-
known seas.

THE SILVER WITCH

So be it then, my little lady with blind eyes; I am
The mistress of the waving lantern lights of
night.
My power holds deep enchantment. Look! Thy
dream comes true!
(*The moonlight fades, and in the lurid darkness,
lightning cuts the sky; thunder crashes
through the storm-tossed woods.*)

Oh! frail Anemone, thy living dream hath laid
thee down
Within the arms of thy false love. Come, live
thy mad dream through
Unto the end. My light has faded, and the storm
Beats on the darkened sky. My light must go.
(*The* WHITE WITCH *and* ANEMONE *disappear into the shadows at the edge of the garden. Through the blackness there comes the figure of a man bearing in his arms the lithe figure of* ANEMONE. *Holding her closely, he carries her under the shelter of the trees and lays her on the grass. Occasional lightning flashes.*)

NORMAND

My love!
Across an angry world I heard the music of your
voice
And knew that all your songs were meant for me
—Throughout all time
I've felt your beauty, and your faint perfume has
blown
Forever 'cross my senses. Now I hold you close
And taste the extasy of love's first draft—
(*They look off at he approaching storm.*)
Clowds draw their veils

Of black across the sky; earth reels within the
frenzied wind;
And night is torn apart by flames, yet all is peace
Within our souls, for love is master of the world
And heaven itself; there is no power to threaten
or destroy
The peace of perfect love.

ANEMONE

It is within the vividness
Of this deep storm, Dearheart, that we have
found our love?
So all my life I've dreamed that it would be like
this
Love's voice first sounding in the drumming of
deep thunder clowds—
Love's fire descending from a flash of lightning
through the dark.

NORMAND

I cannot count the idle flames within my life;
I've watched them flicker and burn low but you
have sent
The hot flame of your being through my blood,
and there is fire
At last within my half-dead soul.

ANEMONE

The fires of life itself
That burn within me now are yours and I would give
The pressure of my still, cold, lips if you should love
Them more in death than life.

NORMAND

Life—death—it matters not, love knows
No time, but is a part of immortality.
The bondage of the world, its petty ways, and laws
Are far beneath our love. The Infinite has written out
Our meeting here, with lightning strokes of fire across the sky,
And love has sealed the imprint of my lips on yours.
We need no signature of men, no bonds from out
The crime-stained courts of this cold bitter world to make us one.

ANEMONE

Normand, you hold my love, my life, within your hand!

NORMAND

Our love is full! (*He rises.*) Come seek our destiny, our joy
Stands trembling at the threshold of the hour, waiting
The laying of your hand in mine. Dearest, what need is there to wait?

ANEMONE

I wish there was some sweet little rustic church
Within the wood where we might lay our lives before
Its secret altar, with some old hermit priest taking
Our sacred vows to God.

NORMAND

What need have we of church or priest
What need of vows, save I to you, and you to me, in love?
There is no higher altar than the altar
Of love, and it is there I lay you, to kneel
Beside your beauty as a worshipper of you. Is it
Then, not enough that we should bow before the high altar
Within our very hearts? What need have we of priests,

And darkened churches, with the dust and mould
of old
Worn out traditions, dogmas and creed?

ANEMONE

(*Drawing away from him a little; there is still an ugly light in the distant sky.*)

Altars are
sacred unto God
And this, our love, is sacred unto me. Off in
some wood,
Far from the futile discord of commerce and men
I would unite my love with yours, where only
God
Could hear—A hidden altar—solitary, white, and
still
Where you and I could pledge our troth.

NORMAND

(*Slightly irritated, but hiding his displeasure with a smile.*)

Together, and alone,
We two can pledge our troth!

ANEMONE

Marriage is loves great seal.

NORMAND

Marriage! A worn out custom, rotten at the core
From man's mis-use! Symbol of slavery, and meaningless!
What need to bind by law, lovers whose souls are one? We'll stand
Together, free, as one, because our love is one
Indeed, unfettered by the chains that gall and make
Men long to be set free. Marriage is worse than mockery
I will have none of it!

ANEMONE

(*A little bewildered, repeats.*)
Marriage is mockery; our souls
Are one—Normand, this cannot be! My love's too great
A part of that great force beyond, not to admit
Of consecration, God must touch our love, or life will miss
The mark of truth!
(*She turns to him entreatingly; he laughs.*)

NORMAND

What mark of truth? Love's fullness is the truth!

The infinite and love are one. There are no heights
Beyond the plain of love. I unto you, and you
To me—in intimate affection—to the end and love
Complete, will be sufficient through it all. We have no need
Of empty services, and tottering, decayed,
Religious platitudes.

(*He goes close to her, and bending over her, he kisses her on the lips. His touch weakens her resistance; she forgets the lesser appeal of the spirit in the emmotional appeal of her heart. He takes her in his arms. Neither speak for a moment, and then he throws back his head and laughs. While they are standing there, the reflection of a distant fire stains the sky with a lurid red glow. They turn to watch the glow.*)

After the storms, then come
The fires, hiding the ruins of man's mistakes, ashes to ash
Again.

(*As they stand looking off at the sky, dyed red from the flames, the wind blows clouds of dense, black smoke into their faces; from out the smoke come veiled figures, advancing solemnly to the beating of muffled drums.*

The figures are those of young women whose hairs are singed and whose clothes are charred from fire. Their faces are lined with the tracing of tears, and one of them has an infant crushed to her breast. ANEMONE, *not understanding the vision at first, is terrified and clings to* NORMAND, *but as the figures surround him* NORMAND *shrinks from their advance, and covers his face with his hands.*)

THE SILVER WITCH

(*Coming towards* ANEMONE *and* NORMAND *from out the smoke.*)

These ghostly little ladies faced the storms of life
For love of Normand; for his love they tasted fire
And giving all themselves, sank to the depths for him!

(*The fire dancers whirl round and round, and the smoke curls in gusts at their feet; the drums beat louder and louder, and the sky turns to a deeper shade of crimson.* ANEMONE, *terrified by the reality of the vision and by the words of the* SILVER WITCH, *shrinks from* NORMAND. *One of the figures with titian hair, blacked by the soot and smoke,*

advances towards NORMAND *and stretching out her arms, shows him her sleeping child.*)

That little titian lady with her baby was the last
To give her all to him! And he has spent her
Youth, her life
Itself and left her wounded by the sword and
flame
Of hate that lurk within such souls as his!

(NORMAND, *frenzied, strikes down the little titian lady and her baby. Then breaking away from the circle, he disappears into the darkness. The drums stop beating. The* SILVER WITCH *vanishes with the smoke, and the fire dancers fall to the ground.*)

ANEMONE

(*Terror stricken, turns to the fading glow in the sky and cries.*)

Dear God
Save me from this!

(*She falls prostrate. The red light dies and in the darkness the fire dancers vanish. When the light comes, it is the light of the moon through the clouds; it falls on* ANEMONE *and the* SILVER WITCH.)

THE SILVER WITCH

Anemone, worn by the pain of thy
Mad dreams, look up; the moonlight shines; deep
peace is o'er the world
Thy cruel dream was but a vision of the wrong
Desires of youth! Thy life itself has not been
touched!
Awake!

ANEMONE

Oh Silver Witch, I am indeed awake, awake
And trembling for the peril of young lives that
seek what I,
In darkness sought—my very life's development–
And peace to that deep throbbing thing within
the depths
Of me that would not e'er be still. Passion my
senses dulled—
Passion—that knew no thought of love, made me
a fool indeed
Until I lost myself, and reckoned values wrong,
Feeling too deeply that exquisite rapture born
Of flesh, and then my spirit died from fever in
my blood.
Oh! Silver Witch, has my mistaken dream made
it too late
To take love at its best and make it wholly mine—

Holding its beauty and its peace a part of all
My soul?
(*Far off in the distance come the strains of* PETER'S *violin.*)

THE SILVER WITCH

Dear child, thine errors have been just
in dreaming wrong.
Dream true, and let not idle fancy swerve thy
real desire.
Love stands expectant at thy finger tips; grasp it
And make it thine. (*The violin strains come
closer.*) Thy youth is full, and it is not
Too late!
(*As* PETER *advances up the pathway to the gate
in the hedge, he plays the same refrain that
he played on his first entrance, i. e. "The
wind is fragrant with the breath of hawthorn
flowers white."*)

ANEMONE

Oh yes, I've found my dream at last!
I feel the warmth
Of old, lost joys stealing across my heart!

THE SILVER WITCH

So I'll awake
The moon that slumbers in the shadows moist with rain;
In new washed radiance, thy three fold love will come,
That perfect love where all is understanding, willingness
To give, the beauty in each touch. Take to thyself this love,
Perfect in its entiety.

(*The* SILVER WITCH *summons her moon rays; they dance and draw out the full radiance of the moon which falls in crystal path across the garden. The dancers and the* SILVER WITCH *disappear into the shadows, at the end of the dance.* PETER, *not seeing* ANEMONE, *advances down the pathway of the moonlight playing his love serenade on the violin. He walks slowly, dreamingly, nearer and nearer to* ANEMONE, *who is watching him from the shadows. As he comes in front of her, she goes to him with her arms outstretched.*)

ANEMONE

Peter, I've looked

Too far for love! Come close to me, Peter, my love,
Forgive me! I am lonely and afraid!
(*He lays his violin down and, kneeling at her feet, presses her hand to his lips.*)

PETER

Anemone!
A thousand times is not enough to give myself to you;
Dearest! I long to let you rest within my heart
As some sweet child that longs for tenderness and knows
Not where to turn for its caress!

ANEMONE

Peter, I've lived my wild
Dreams through unto the end and found just emptiness, Peter,
Incessant spirit voices know no answer save
The calling, save the whisper in my soul, Peter,
I love you!
(*She takes his face in her hands and touches his forehead with her lips.*)

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